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Roxburghe Club

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[Publications]

[78]

THE

Metrical Life

OF

S A I N T R O B E R T

OF

KNARESBOROUGH.

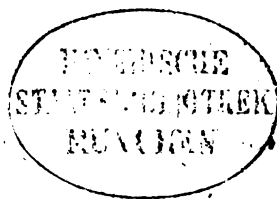
LONDON:

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY, M. A.

RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

1824.

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TO THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS
OF THE
Roxburghe Club,
THE METRICAL LIFE OF ST. ROBERT
OF KNARESBOROUGH
PRINTED FROM A MANUSCRIPT
IN HIS POSSESSION
PRESUMED TO BE UNIQUE
IS PRESENTED
BY THEIR DEVOTED SERVANT
HENRY JOSEPH THOMAS DRURY.



EARL SPENCER, PRESIDENT.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

EARL GOWER.

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EDWARD VERNON UTTERSON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

ROGER WILBRAHAM, ESQ.

REV. ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

"ROBERT FLOWER, the celebrated hermit of Knaresborough, was according to tradition son of the Mayor of York. He lived in the reign of King John, who visited him in his cell and bestowed on him lands, &c. as mentioned in the present volume, where a curious question that he asked the King is recorded.

"This person is supposed to have founded the order of Robertines, or Trinitarians; but its history is very obscure, as are the accounts of Robert himself, who has been confounded with another person of that name mentioned by Matthew Paris as living near a century after the reign of King John, and who is elsewhere made an Abbot of Knaresborough. The cell in which Robert lived is still remaining at Knaresborough, where they used to sell an abridged account of him, originally compiled by Gent of York, under the title of "Piety displayed," 12mo. The hermitage is also described by Leland in his Itinerary, I. 98.

b

"Bishop Gibson seems to have been acquainted with some legendary account of Robert. See his Camden, under Knaresborough.

"I have not yet discovered any other Ms. legend in old English verse, but there is a life of Saint Robert by one Stodley among the Harleian Mss. No. 3775.

"The present Ms. contains three lives of St. Robert, the first in Latin rhyming triplets; the second in Latin prose; the third in English verse. All or some of these may have been compiled by some monk or hermit of Knaresborough, perhaps by the president (as he here calls himself) of the order of Trinitarians, who has a metrical prayer to St. Robert to aid him in the discharge of his official duties, &c.

"The rest of the Ms. consists of invocations in Latin and English to the Saint; and near the end there is an account in English verse of the foundation of the order of the holy Trinity.

"Whoever was the author of the English life, he seems to have had a better knack at this sort of composition than most or perhaps any of his contemporaries; and his lines are unusually smooth and harmonious. The

description of the appearance to Robert of his mother's ghost is particularly deserving of notice. Her re-appearance to thank him for the prayers he had successfully offered for her suffering soul, and her last blessing on him, are eminently beautiful and impressive.

D.

1796

1796

For the above description of my Ms. I am indebted to the kindness of Francis Douce, Esq., after whose account it would be presumptuous to add ought from myself, except my warm thanks to Joseph Haslewood, Esq., who with great care and diligence has deciphered and transcribed a wretchedly corrupt and difficult text, who has superintended the publication, and prevented numberless errors, into which my trifling acquaintance with these subjects would have led me.

HENRY DRURY.

Harrow, 26th May, 1824.

And sway to gouern to my degre
 That I all yff I simple be
 Occuypes als presidentt
 By grace that god here has me sentt
 May be vnto the saluacion
 Off all this congregacion
 And hape and helefull mayntenaunce
 Off the place for my gouernaunce
 And helpe to me in all my nede
 And sauynge to my saule and mede
 And suffrandly I the beseke
 Of manere to be myld and meke
 In persecuciounes pacientt
 And in myne office diligentt
 My malicoly thou amese
 And comfurthe me in all dishese
 And sway tholemode of my thoght
 That ire ne wrath ouersett me noght
 And boxum to euir alkay ded
 That may multiply my mede
 Of thoght and dede for to be chaste
 And mercyfull thou make me maste
 And to be abstinentt at borde
 And trew and lele to be of worde
 And sobyr whene I am assayled
 And send me helpe that neuer fayled

And compaciēt for to be
 Of all in anger that I se
 Forgyffnes gett me of my syne
 And of my mysded gar me mynne
 And forto vse all virtues ilkay day
 And of all vices to voyde away
 And victorye of this world als
 Off my fleshe and the feinde fals
 And stythe bath well and way to drye
 Als ane of thine thoue socoure me
 And all my brether lered and lewed
 And my systers seryne or shwed
 In charyte generalle
 Haue mercy Roberd of thayme alle
 Helpe me to kepe myne obseruaunce.
 And sen I haue the gouernaunce
 By eleccion of this place
 I beseke the send me grace
 To gouern ytt in prōspertye
 That ytt to the lele louyng be
 To hym that hyrd ys of this shape
 That I haue cure of forto kepe
 And to hys moder free
 And to all hys halowes be
 And to my felaghes mare and lesse
 Helpe and hele and halynes

And bath of saule and body blysse
 And saluacion aft : this
 And graunt me myght strength and grace
 Thair simple prelate of this place
 With discrecion that I maye
 Sway gouern ytt bath nyght and day
 And goddes seruice wyth iustance
 And all vther obseruaunce
 In pece in quiete and I reste
 And in charete that ys beste
 By meke sufferaunce and pacience
 That for my dughly diligence
 When I am ded and doluen lyse
 Tha[t] I may passe to paradyse
 And att thase fre yhates wyth the mette
 And here thi voce that ys so swette
 To me sayand on this wyse
 Welcom vnto paradyse
 Welcom son vnto this place
 For sen thou hase through grace
 Well gouerned thi lytyll cell
 Wyth owten end here sall thou dwell
 In joy and solace and in blysse
 Saintt Robertt thou graunt me this
 And helpe thus that ytt may be
 Amen. Amen. per Charite.

Oratio ad beatum Robertum.

Hayle Heremette mast that ys of myght
 Fray way to were the wafull wyght
 Hayle in sare that comforthes all
 That hertely her wyll on the call
 Hayle man that was wyth owten make
 I beseke the for hys sake
 Here that nathing the denied
 That thoue aftur craned or cryed
 For this grett prerogatyff
 Fray langor lese me of my lyffe
 I beseke the saue me sound
 Whider or whare or when I found
 On land or water wheder yt be
 Fra all greuaunce of aduersite
 Saintt Robertt kepe me I the pray
 Fra thono^r and leuenyng ylka day
 Fray sodan ded and dremes
 And fray all dishesse that es
 Of fier or wat. or of wound
 Or any greuaunce of this ground
 Fray fendes fals and fell
 And men that keyn ar and crowell
 Fray wyld bestes and enposynnyng
 And vermyn and all vther thyng

Fra bytyng thretyng and fray theffs
 And all maner of myscheffs
 Tthat outhur may me greff or skath
 In saule in body or in bath
 And fray vnhappes all that ar here
 Fray noye and ned and anger sere
 Fray tribulacion traye and teyne
 An destany of cares keyn
 Fray way and wandreth of this world
 Or wyth myscomforth to be merred
 Fray plyghtes and pareles manyfalde
 Of hongyr threst myst or calde
 Fray pouerte and perplexite
 And combraunce of all catyeste
 Fray dole of passion and of pyne
 Fray fautes and all ensegging syne
 Fray fyte and fray all seknes here
 Fray mournyng and all sorowes sere
 Fray dett and fray all dedely syn
 Off trispas wikkednes I am in
 Fray vengeaunce wreth and wrechednes
 And fray all pereles mare and lesse
 That was or ys or may befall
 Sayntt Robertt kepe me fray thaym all
 And grauntt me for thi charite
 When I am ded that I may se

vij

Thi self wyth aungels stand me by
My countes to cast and to reply
Off my trispass ylkay playntte
That I be noght tane wyth tayntte
Bott fray that bytter bayle gar brynge
My saule to se my semely kynge
And eu[er] to belde wyth hym in blysso
I beseke the grauntte me this Amen

Explicit

De Vita et Conuersacione Sancti Roberti iuxta Bnaresburg

PROLOGUS.

Thou luffly lord of ylkay lede
Crist that we knaw by our crede
And god that ys our gouernoure
That luffs all lele men peramoure
And maker-ys of all mankynd
Thatt man has maste here in thi mynd
Thatt sytt sall sothely by the self
In sege to deme the tribes twelff
Of Yzrael. als clerks kan proffe
That forsakes all for thi loffe
And called ys god of Abraham
Our lorde that lykkend ys to a lambe
I beseke the where I sytte
Visett that thou wald my wy tte
Wyth wysdom of thi worthi well
This lyffing trewly forto tell

Johes

Of saintt Robertt that heremytte
 Was approued here perfytte
 Besyde Knaresburgh in a skerre
 In a crenes closed hym ferre
 And full deuoutely he lay
 In contemplacion nyght and day
 In seruice of our sauoure
 Als solitazy dose day and houre
 And howe he lyffed in that caue
 Efter the konnyng that I haue
 That treuly whilk I to me toke
 Enformed als I was by a boke
 That was sentt me by a frere
 Ffray sayntt Robert to me here
 Efter that boke sall I say
 Bott I purpose forto pray
 To Cryst that he wald sped my penne
 Thare to say ylk man a men.

De ortu et parentela sancti Robti.

Then frendes fared well at a fest
 And glewmen gladdes thann wit gest
 Of harping som has lyst to here
 And som of carpyng of tales sere

Of Arthure, Ector, and Achilles
 Princes that wer proude in prese
 Of kynges and kempes of conquerours
 Of lords of ladies of paramours
 That ar bott vaine and vanite
 Of slyke sall nocht my carpyng be
 Bott of a better he me haste
 Fadir and son and halygaste
 Somtyme in Yorke hys lyffe to lede
 Off a ryghtwys man I rede
 Toccus flos¹ I vnderstand
 Men called hym when he was lyuande
 And his wyff dame Simuryte
 She bare a barne that was perfyte
 Robertt I rede thei named hym ryght
 For bath he was stalworth and wyght
 Wyth thre faes to feght ay freshe
 The warlde, the fende, and wyth hys flesshe
 Thiz thre he felled wyth owten fayll
 And broght them down in playn batayll

¹ Robert Flower.—“The child’s father is, by some, said to have been called Robert de Cockcliff; by others, Took Floare, or Tocklese Flower. He was chief magistrate, or mayor, anno Christi 1195; also a second time in the same reign, when King Richard the first swayed the sceptre. His spouse, Smimera, or Semenias, the mother of St. Robert, was reputably descended.”

Gent’s Piety Displayed.

Than when this chyld myldest of moda
 Couth speke and gang he was full goode
 Of maners meke and of gud thewes
 Shape and etchewand ay schrewes
 Denoutt deboner and discrette
 A mylder man myght nay man mett
 Nouthur he was wanton ne wyld
 Ne wyth nay foly wald he be fyld
 Bott dressed hym wyth deuocioune
 Hauntand hympne and orysonne
 Vsand abstinence ay fere
 Fretand hys fleshe wyth fastyngs sere
 That tyme nane toke hym wyth trespas
 Off the halygast fulfylled he was
 In chylldhed chosen to chastite
 Cheftane and chefe of charite
 Half than I may here reherce
 And of all virtues may diuerse
 In scoles when he was sett to lere
 He consaued mare in a zhere
 Than hys felawes dyd in fyffe
 Sway thoght sayntt Rob'te forto thryffe
 Wydow and wyff and maden myld
 Thare company etchewed this chyld
 And yemed hys yeres well in hys youth
 By clargy als the chyld well couth

Emonge a thousand an was he
 That was chosen to this degree
 Ay wyth resone he rewled hym ryght
 Cryst comforth hym ay als hys myght

Quomodo Robertus factus est subdiaconus

Than Robertt blissed in his brest
 Purpost hymm to be a prest
 And to a byshope made hymm boune
 And was subdiaken wyth Phannenne
 And whi nay may ordere he toke
 Fynd I noght brefed in my boke
 Ne zytt the cause whi waytt I noght
 He waytt that waytt all thatt ys wroght

*Quomodo Robertus iuit ad Novum Monasterium ad
 fratrem ibidem conversantem.*

Than Robertt ay that ryghtwys was
 Purpost hym wyth page to passe
 Vnto this north Countre a day
 To new mostres the abbay gray
 Whare he hade a brother frere
 Of letters lewed als som ys here
 When he was broght vnto his brother.
 Swetly salussed ayther other

Faythfully than spake the frere
 And sayd Robertt welcom here
 The rewle of this religiounē
 To proffe ytt wyth perfeccionne
 Wyth othir obseruaunce perfyte
 Dresse the Robertt wyth delyte
 By the counsayll of collaciounne
 To com to contemplacionne
 The president than of that place
 Sway he gornerned hym by grace
 Hauntand hoge heghe halynesse
 Feruently fretand hys fleshe
 In praers bath and in pennaunce
 Abydand and in perseueraunce
 And off meruayles that befell
 May wyth mouth than I haue tell
 Se he sayd all in this house
 How byrdds and beste to Robert touse
 Howe meke how myld that Rob't ys
 All meruailed off hys modynesse
 Four monethes and tway weks mare
 Robertt reued wyth monks thare

Quomodo Robertus reversus est Eboracum

And than this man myldest of mode
 To Yorke agayn full myldly yede
 To hys frenshiþe and hys frends
 Bott lytell while wyth thaym he lends
 Wyth the halygast this man inspired
 Nathyng bott god in erth desyred
 Wyth owten counsayll of his kynne
 Unwettand all bath mare and mynne

Quomodo Knaresburgum venit

Bott god thatt wyssed hym by and thugh
 He kayred and com to Knaresburgh
 All thyng forsakande that he sawe
 Nathyng hym lyked bott godds lawe
 Thar ane hermett Robertt fand
 Denoutly in a rock dwelland
 That a knyght had beyn befor
 That cow[rte]¹ and towne and hys tresour
 All had forsaken chyld and wyffe
 And thare als hermett led hys lyffe
 When this hermett Robertt sawe
 Welcom he sayd my fair felawe
 And soyne he sayd wyth gud ententt
 Blyssed be god that me has sentt

¹ MS. defaced.

Swylk a felaw wyth me to woune
 That dubbed ys wyth deuociounne
 Thare bath they wouned in wyldernes
 And haunted full hegh halynesse

Quomodo Heremita in temptationem decidit

Bot the fend that ys oure fell enmy
 To thir tway had great invy
 Bott Robertt myght he noght arest
 For nay fandying maste ne lest
 To hys felagh forthi he ferd
 And sway mased mayd hym and merred
 That Robertt wyth nay resone ryght
 Fray hys mynd amend hym myght
 Langir lyked hym noght that lyffe
 Bott als a wreche wentt to hys wyffe
 Als a hounde that kastes out of hys kytte
 And ay turnes and taks eft hys vomytte
 And forther mare kan I noght tell
 By this fayland what befell
 Than Robertt ranne hys saule to saue
 And in a roche closed him in cane
 Off mannes solace nane he hadde
 Bott grace of god that mayd hym glad
 Wyth ymples this hermett that was tryed
 Gastly god he gloryfied

Quomodo ad capellam Sancte Hilde devenit

Tyll on a tyme Robertt gan hy
 Vnto a wydow that wouned thare by
 Dam he sayd to gyff me this day
 Off thi almose I the pray
 Than sayd that wyff mody and myld
 The chapell I graunte the of sayntt Hylde¹
 Wyth all the land that lyes thartyll
 That the lyke : this ys my wyl
 To the and thi poremene all ay
 Agayn my gyft sall nay man say
 Thar Robertt wouned than all a zhere
 Wyth hys porattes in prayer

Quomodo latrones eum spoliaverunt

Tyll ytt befell apon a nyght
 Fyff theffs com wyth mayn and myght
 Robertt to robbe thay ranne a day
 Hys bour thei brak and bare away

¹ Gent calls the patroness Philadelphia, and says : She gave him St. Hilda's Chapel with as much ground near it as he was able to cultivate.

Hys bred hys chese hys sustinaunce
 And hys pormen purueaunce
 Thus the fend thes faytors fyff
 Fanded to fell hym fray hys lyff
 Bott ay stalworthly he stode
 Agayn that foull vnfrely fode
 Hauand in hys mynd always
 How god in hys gospels says
 Yff foles pursue zow fals and fell
 In a cytee whare ze dwell
 Flee into a nother thanne
 Tharfor Robertt rayse and ranne

Quomodo iuit Spoffordum

And sped hym vnto Spofford towne
 To serue god wyth deuocioune
 Thare he haunted halynesse
 And affliccions of hys flesshe
 Vsand abstinence swa great
 All men had meruayll of hys mette
 They caryed fra countree to hym thanne
 To honore hym als ay haly manne
 Thae rosed hym doand reuerence
 And peirles praysed hym i presence

Bott when that Robertt vndyrstode
 Vaynglory that ay es noght gode
 He purpost priuely forto passe
 A way whar that hys wounyng was

Quomodo venit Hedlay

And caryed and come to ane abbay
 Of monkes that men called Hedlay
 And thei resaued saynte Robertt faire
 Yff he had beyn a myghty mare
 And benyngly broght hym in
 Omeng thase monkes mare and mynne
 All appróued hym als perfytt
 And cled hym in a cowle of whytt
 Nathyng vndyrneth he hade
 Bott a coule and that was bade
 Mair to couerynge of hys skynne
 Than for cald a way to wynne
 Hys lyffe to lele men gaffe great lyght
 Als doys a sterne apon a nyght
 Off perfeccioune oft he preched
 And full playnly he enpeched
 Monkes vnneke in thare presence
 That sett them vnto insolence

On hym thei raise all in a routte
 And bade this blyssed ~~mane~~ ^{man} ~~guy~~ ^{guy} ~~oute~~ ^{behold}
 Att hym thay wex bath wrath and ike
 Beth in closter and in kye
 And sway dered hym wyth thair dynne
 Off messy thatt he myght nocht mynne

Quomodo revenit ad capellam beate Hilde virginis

Than Robertt rewed and sair repentt
 And to saynt Hylde chapell he wentt
 Welé leuer to dwell wyth theffs mekyll
 Than wit felaghes fals and fekyll
 Better to beld wyth bests wyld
 Than wyth merred men and vnnayld
 When he was commen to hys chapell
 In depe deuociouns forto dwell
 Poremen that war penyles
 He fand tham fode of ~~fysh~~ ^{fish} and flesshe
 I wys this wydow ~~was~~ ^{was} full fayne
 When she wyste he com agayne
 Men off crafte swyth gartt scho call
 To bygge sayntt Robertt a honest hall
 And mansiounes for hys men gart make
 And a lath for Robertt saike

Hys corne hys catell in to bryng
 Bott he etchewed other all thyng
 Wordes to speke of vanite
 Wyth freinde or fay ay wald he
 Ay to hys mette when he said fytte
 In sylence sadly wald he sytte
 Hys visage waned swa wald he wepe
 Opon a pamentt ly and slepe
 A lytyll space that dremyng droghe
 Off slepe had he nocht halff enoghe
 He hired and had thanne to hys handes
 Als scriptur says four seruandes
 Tway to the ploghe and ane to gay
 Aboute the cowntre for to ta
 Almos to gedir in that land
 For the poremen that he fand
 The fourth seruaund soth to say
 Hym self to serue he held hym ay
 The bred of this goddes loue lele
 The fourth partte was of barly mele
 The fyght of as: wyth mesur / master
 Well proporciond in a past
 Hys potage was of cale and leke
 Off other herbes that he gartt seke
 Sothen wyth saltte and serued tytte
 In hys dyssehe was na delytte

Fysshē or flesshe whedir he toke
 Fynd I nathing in my boke
 Bott watir draug or ayll thynne
 And zytt mesor was thare inne
 A myghty men haue mynd of this
 That fedes youe bath of flesshe and fysshē
 And all dayntes that are dere
 And delytes thoue in thamm here
 When thou ys sett and semly serued
 And thi bred wyth knyffe ys kerued
 Partte a porcioune vnto the pore
 Sway dyd Sayntt Rob't att hys dore
 Haue mynd of mesor man and wyffe
 How sayntt Robett rewled hys lyfe
 To begge an brynge pore men of baile
 This was hys purpose principale

Quomodo mater ejus nuper defuncta eidem apparuit

A tyme als Saint Robertt lay
 In a medow tyme of May
 In flouers slepand in a sted
 Appered hys moder thatt was ded
 Paile and wan of hyde and hew
 Roberd praers to pursue

Son sho sayd tentt to my taile
 To blysse thou may bryng me fra baile
 Thruh help of thi halynesse
 Haue mynd I sufferd the of my flesshe
 Robert remed and rewed sair
 And frayned hys moder of hyr fare
 Son scho sayd yt ys noght to sayn¹
 I am pressed and putto payn
 For mettes and mesores maid vnlele
 For okir and vthir fautes fele²
 For thir and vthir nyght and day
 I beseke the for me pray
 Than Roberd raise and redy was
 Vnto hys praers forto passe
 He syghed he sobbed he lytyll sleped
 Hys hands he wrang and wyghtly weped
 To god he praed wyth peter and paule
 For to saue hys moder saule
 Than in the endynge of that zere
 Appered hys moder to hym here
 And blyssed hyr barne that maid hir blyth
 Sayand my sone now sall I swyth

¹ The meaning is, "It is not to be said or expressed to what pain I am put."

² Cruel faults—horrible crimes.

Wend to welth that neuer sall wane

Farwele I blysse the blode and bane

*Quomodo Willelmus De Scutiville præcepit prosterni
habitacula*

Apon a tyme als telles a texte

Bifell this farly althir nexte

Thare wouned a worthy lord a whyle

Men called hyme William Scutivyle

Lord of that land bath est and weste

Off fryth of feild and of forest

Als this William wentt a day

By side sainte Roberde place to play

He spirred and spared nocht in that place

Whay bygged wha belded in that space

All thei answerd hym full tytt

Ane hermet that ys full perfytt

Roberd that ys nay rebelloure

A seruand of our sauioure

Than Wyllyam fast began to flytte

And sayd this ys ane ypocrytte

Fautour felaghe and a fere

Off all the theffs that wounes here

“William Estotevill, Lord of the Forest.” *Gent.*

A receptour Robertt ys
 And of my wyld all that here ys
 By the eghe of god bott yff ze bowe
 And dyng doune hys byggynges nowe
 I sall gar bryn thowe als a belle
 He sall he[re] nay langar dwell
 Bott zytt hys seruands dyd nay skathe
 Ne boweded nocht to hys byddynges brathe
 Bott lett hys byggynges blythly stand
 Thai wyst that he was well lyuand

Quomodo prostrata sunt edificia ejus

Bott sone aftyr this befell
 That this Wylliam I of tell
 Wyth hys bondes hyed hym to hontt
 Besyd the place whare Roberd wontt
 And sawe hys byggynges haile abyde
 He chawfed hym and byganne to chide
 He banned and bost thaim for to bete
 And sware by goddes eg hen in hys threte
 Bott yff thai dang hys byggynges doune
 That he sulde gar crake thair croune
 Than thai durst na langar byde
 Bott vnto Roberds housynge hyed

And dang them doune bath leese ~~and more~~
 Nathyng left thai standand thair
 Than Robertt sawe and sayd tham tyll
 Whedir your lordyng wyll or nyll
 Besyd his tour and hys castell
 Wyth outen end here sall I dwell
 This dyd the deuill this ys nay dowte
 Stirred this steren man and this stoute
 Agayns this blyssed man in battaill
 Wyth fandyng forto gare hym faile
 Bott ay stalworthly he stode
 Augayns the fend noght chaunged hys mode
 He sayd my lord my helpe ys haile
 Off man I dred nay bytter baile

Quomodo venit ad capellam Sancti Egidii

When Robert saw all dongen doune
 Wyth his boke he mayd hym boune
 And fared all that forest throghe
 And come agayn to Knaresburghe
 To a chapell of sayntt Gyle
 Byfor whare he hade wouned a whyll
 That bygged was in tha buskes wyth in
 A lytell holett: he hyed hym in

And thare wyth depe deuocioun
 He crepe in contemplacioun
 And als ane Aungell lede hys lyffe
 Sway heghe sway haly that man and wyfe
 Heghe and lawe vnto hym hyed
 In faith for to be edified

Quomodo quis audivit vocem Demonis clamantis

A tyme was herd here of a hend
 A voyce thus cryand of a fend
 Allas Allas I am the vyce
 That kest outt Adam of paradyse
 And zytt I may nocht wyth forfett
 Ouercome this catyeff Robynett
 Zit am I prest hym to pursue
 Hys noy sall nowe be euer newe

Quomodo dictus Willielmus vidit caporem fumi ascendentem

Eftirward a lytell while
 The forsayd With'm Scutivyle

Outt of the north countre I weyne
 Come to Knaresburghe castell cleyne
 Bott als this ryall was rydand
 Wyth hond and hanke opon hys hand
 Out off Robertt hutt full he
 Rayse a reike that men might se
 Than sayd Sir William merueland
 What bemeynes zond reke rysand
 Sir ane sayd out of a cote
 Whare Robertt dwelles a mane deuoute
 What sayd Wyllm ys this he
 Fray my forest that I gartt fle
 Tha[n] thai sayd this ys the same
 Off your wyld beres he na blaym
 Than Wyll m wex wytyles and wode
 And swar by goddes eg hen thar he stod
 That he suld nocht to bed be bounse
 To hys cotage ware casten doune
 Bott zytt this Wyllm was of wyne
 Sway dronken thar als I deuyne
 That he myght nocht hald hys athe
 Bott he sware he suld hym skathe
 And doune gar dyng hys domicelle
 Opon the morn euery way dele
 Thus this keyn knyght hym vncled
 And busked and bouned hym to hys bed

Quomodo tres . . . erunt Willelmum in grabato

Bott off a ferly that esur fen
 Yff ze wyll lythe I wyll yone ten
 Als William lay moysand in mynd
 Appered thre men blakker than Ynd
 Tway droghe a trayle wyth pykes ser
 Was neuer sharper thorne ne trere
 Thyrd fared befor a foule freke
 Wyth tway maces thus to speke
 Ryse vp Wylliam stythely stand
 And tak this mace here in thi hand
 And defend the wyth thi myght
 For fersly sall I wyth the fyght
 For Robertt saike that nay man noyes
 Whame thou derfely doune distroes
 Than Wyll'm rysand of hys bede
 Bath hys armes full wyd he sped
 And mercy cryed full carefully
 And sayd my mysded mend wyll I
 Than thir thre warlowes vanist all a way
 Wylliam sleped to ytt was day
 On the morne he raise out of hys bed
 And full hastely hym sped

Hic precatur Willelmus veniam a Roberto

To Robertt holett whare that he
 Befor hys fett fell on hys kne
 And sayd Roberd forgyff me all
 My greuouse gyltes : louend I fall
 Roberd forgaff and William kyssed
 And blythely wyth hys hand hym blyssed

Hic dedit Roberto possessionem et elemosinam

Than William sayd ffray the roches he
 To Grymbalde kyrk stane gyff I the
 Land and lythe all that thare lyse
 To tyll ytt on thi best wyse
 Tway hors, tway oxen, I the gyffe
 Helpe and hald here whyle I lyffe
 Tway key I graunte the of my grace
 To all thi poremen of thi place
 Also gustinaunce I sall the send
 Fray yole day ylk a zere to thend
 Off dayes thretten folowand
 Tym that I lyff in this land

Almes bathe of flesshe and fysshe
 For thretten men sall they nott mysse
 Thus mersy mast that ys of myght
 Bath chastes conqueroure and knyght
 He kēmes the crowett wyth hys coombe
 Off a lyon maks a lambe
 He mayd hym meke that Roberd merred
 And mayd hym wardan in this world
 Hys saintts in sorowe nocht forsakes
 Bott them to comforthe trewly takes
 Wyrshype and wysdom wyth concord
 And louering ay to be slyk a lord

*Walterus frater ejus et major civitatis Eboraci
 edificavit sibi domicilia cum capella*

This bifell that I sall say
 Efterwards opon a day
 Walter that was hys brothir dere
 And mare of Yorke full many zhere
 Com to Knaresburgh als I rede
 Robertt to vysett in hys dede
 When he was broght vnto hys brother
 Full fare salussed ayther other

Brother he sayd me rewes sare
 That thou beldes in thes buskes bane
 And specially in this spelnuke
 In wyldernes als dyd a monke
 Yff thou wyll leue and wend w^h me
 Whare that thi liste ys best to be
 In couent closter or company
 I sall gar sett the sekerly
 Roberd sayd nay soth I the tell
 Wyth outen end here wyll I dwell
 Here haue I chosen ay for to won
 Farwell in my benyson
 When Walter wyst away he wentt
 He thanked god for hys trewe ententt
 Than Walter wentt and sentt hym to sersse
 Werkmen wyse of craftes diuerse
 Hym to byge a chapell gode
 In the honore of the haly rode
 Thare Robert ryst hym als I rede
 Irke ne ydell neuer of dede

Quomodo Yvonem sibi sociavit

Roberd vnbythoght hymthane
 Wyth hym to won to haue som man

To beilde hym w^t hys besines
 That he myght haunte hys halynes
 Furth he wentt and ane he fand
 Yve¹ that men called in that land
 Yve he sayd come folowe me
 Off gode a seruande sall thou be
 Thus answerd Yve and to hym sayd
 Off thie tydynges am I payd
 I wyll forsake all thatt I se
 Fàdyr and freynd and folowe the
 Gold and goods ryches and rentt
 Towne and toure and tenement
 Playng and prosperyte
 In pouerte for to won wyth the
 Yve to Roberd ay was lele
 Hys almes help hym forto dele
 To all that pore was in that place
 Full trewly toke Robertt trace

De temptationibus Yvonis

Sathan that sotell ys and quayntte
 Thoght to take Yve wyth a taynte

¹ "He took into his company one Ivo, or Ino, employing him as an overseer of the poor, and a distributor of their alms." *Gent.*

He stirred hym stryffe on ylkay ayde
 That Yve thought bytter to abyde
 Bott Roberd wyth hys resons swett
 Redy was ay hys bales to bett
 Bott zytte the fend forged hym a whyle
 This blissed mane for to begyle
 Sway that this man opon a day
 Wytles waned and wentt a way
 Bott god wald noght that he ware spent

Ubi fregit tibiam

In wodde vnwarly als he wente
 Wyth a boghe hys bayn he brake
 And thare lay Yve styll in a slake
 And weped I wysse and was full way
 The fende was fayn that was hys fay
 Bott Robertt be reuelacion
 Was talde this tribulacion
 Robertt rayse busked hym belyue
 And ranne to he come vnto Yve
 And when he saw hym sytt and say
 Allas. allas. and waloway
 Roberd badde hym be in rest
 To mane bowes all thinges for hys beste

He toke hys fotte and badde hym stand

Hic Robertus sanavit tibiam

And blyssed ytt blythly w^t hys hand

And ytt was hayll na hurtt ytt had

And than was Yve in geift full glad

Agayne than wentt thay bath in fere

And lyued to gedir full many zhere

Quomodo nudis pedibus ixit Eboracum

In frost and snawe to Yorke he yode

Barefotte that men myght trace his blode

Almes to purchase to hys pore

Euer off catyffes hade he cure

On theffes than vengiaunce donne gun lyght

That robbed sayntt Roberd on a nyght

Brekand the chapell of sayntt Hylde

Sway sett robbers be begyled

That gode men greues thai sall hym gryme

Yff ytt be taryed ytt comes a tyme

Quomodo vaccam domavit

Off a myracle wyll I melle
 That I trow be trew and lele
 Off sayntt Robertt anes as I rede
 Off a cow he had nede
 To hys pormen in hys place
 Tharefor to the Erl Roberd gayse
 And for a cowe he com and craued
 He graunte hym ane that wytles raued
 He bad hym to hys forest fare
 And slyke a cowe take the thare
 I halde hir wyld maik thou hyr tame
 To thi pore men lede hyr hame
 Roberd rayked and thider yode
 And fand this cowe wytles and wode
 Styll she stode nathynge s.frrand
 Roberd arest hyr in a band
 And hame wyth hyr full fast he hyed
 Meruayle them thought that stod besyde
 Byrde and best all bowed hym tyll
 Euer to wyrke aftir hys wyll
 Bott zytt a mare ferly befell
 By this cow that I sall telle

A mane thare stode and sawe this syght
 To the Erle he hyed and spake on heght

Quomodo fautori eam donavit

Syr he sayd sone sall ze se
 Zond kowe that he sall gyff hyr me
 Wyth some sotell trape or trayne
 I sall get zond kowe a gayne
 The Erle sayd so motte I the
 Nay counsaylle tharto gyffe I the
 This faytour forged hym on a wyle
 Sayntt Robertt how he myght begylle
 He wapped hym in a wreched wede
 Schappen and sewed in many a strede
 Bygane to haltt to grayn to grett
 Sway saynt Robertt for to mett
 He cryed als a cayteyff chached in care
 Reufully to rupe and to rare
 He cryed and craued sayntt Robertt kowe
 Roberd he sayd grauntt me hyr nowe
 For his sake that sakles was salde
 Thoue sees I am bath croked and alde
 Roberd sayd thou schapes thi skorne
 God gaffe gode haue taikie hir by the horne

And lede hyr wyth the now a way
 Bott whatt byfell I thynk to say
 A fott this faytoure myght noght fle
 In lyme and lyth so haked he
 This wreke when he saw opo[n] hym fall
 Opon saynt Robert fast gun he call
 Roberd he sayd thou rewe on me
 This greuouse gylte forgyff thou me
 Roberd said here may thou se
 He that begyles begylde sall be
 He blyssed hys bane and mayd yt haile
 Thane hame he went and tald this taile

Quomodo cervos includebat orrio

Off another wyll I neuen
 Wyth helpe of hyme thatt ys in heuen
 Off this forsayd that I fynde
 Es noght to hyd ne halde behynd
 Hertes full heghe of hede and horn
 Vsed to come to Robertt corn
 In feild thei fulled ytt w^t thare fette
 And strodde ytt bath by sty and strette
 Whene Robertt wyst he was noght payd
 Bott yode vnto thair lorde and sayd

Sir thy catell euen and morne
 Bath distroes my hay and my corne
 Sir gare kepe thamm I the praye
 My gode es all in corn and hay
 To my lyfelade that I haue
 And to my cayteyffes in my caue
 Than to saintt Robertt he sayd
 Off thi harme I am nocht payed
 Iff my catell do the skathe
 I gyffe the gode leue in thi lathe
 To pynde my dere thare all bedeyn
 To the tyme that all thi harmes beseyne
 Vnto this sawe Roberd assentt
 And hame full wysely ys he went
 Bott he rayse vp oppon the morne
 And fand there herts all in hys corne
 He wentt and wagged att them a wand
 And draffe thise dere hame wth hys hand
 And by law pynde thamme in hys lathe
 And bade the lord gar se hys skathe
 Bott when that knyght knewe wale this case
 Full mekyll meruayll in herte he hayse
 Robertt he sayd this ys enoghe
 Gar putt thiz hertes in thi ploghe
 And latt them drawe whyle thai may dye
 I grauntt thaim frely nowe to the

Gramarcy sir gun Robertt say
 And hyed hym hame by the redy way

Quomodo cervos aratro copularit

Into hys ploghe he gartt thamm passe^r
 Als meke and mylde als lam^e thai was
 To dryff to drawe to louse to bynde
 Als any ox that man myght fynde
 All men had meruaille of this syght
 Sayd Roberd was a man of myght
 Thay loued our lord omnipotentte
 Sway great a grace that hym had sente

Quomodo Demon apparuit ei

The fend to man that ys enmy
 To Robertt had greatt invy
 Als wreth he wex als a wype
 He thoughte to teyne hym wyth a type
 Apon a tyme als I am lered
 The fend to sayntt Robertt appered

"St. Robert is depicted in a window belonging to the north isle of Knaresborough church, as though he was ploughing with the deer." *Gent.*

In a lyknes blake and lathe
 Thic to discryffe I am noght grathe
 Aboutte hys house this harlott hyede
 Hys deuociouns he defyed
 All the vessell that he fand
 He tyfeld and touched tham w^t hys hand
 His pott hys panne his sause his soule
 Wyth hys fyngers fatt and foule
 When Robertt sawe that rewen was
 A wrech he sayd I byde the pas
 Outte off this place now w^t thi playntte
 Thou sall noght take me wyth a tayntt

Item alia vice Demon apparuit ei

Another tyme als I here tell
 This noyand nedder fals and fell
 Appered in lyknes of a carle
 Blake als pyke bygan to parle
 He toke a strankell thare ytt stode
 Wyth haly watter gayn and gode
 And wyth a wanyng of that wate
 He gartt sir Gerrard ga hys gate

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Item alias apparuit of Demon

Another tyme open a nyghte
 Roberd prayand for hys plyghte
 In lyknes of a yonge chylde
 Off seuen zeres meke and mylde
 Appered and kneled opon hys kne
 And mowed befor saynt Roberd ee
 He made great noyse and great vnreste
 To lett hym of hys praers preste
 Bott Roberd sesed noght for this syght
 Bott euer prayand lay that nyght
 Than that warlow wex full way
 To gedir he gedird all the stray
 Wyth in the place and thane he paste
 Apon a fyer ytt forto caste
 Than Robertt crossed ytt all a boutte
 And sone that flamme was slokkend oute

Item apparuit Roberto

Another tyme this Gerrard gryme
 In lyknes transfigured hyme

Off a chyld off sexten zhere
 Sway to Robertt to appere
 And on hym gapand gyrued and guaste
 Robertt tharoff was noght a baste
 And wyth hys staffe als he was wontt
 Bett hym and began to shontt
 Allas. allas. begane to say
 I weynd I weynd, full waloway
 Yff I be slegh I am ouerset
 Off this Rusty Robynett
 Thus Sathanas on ylkay syde
 Vmbeseged hym tyme and tyde
 In temptacions ilkane sere
 That may be wroght or wretyn here
 Sway to brynge hyme vnto baille
 Bott of hys hertt he was sway haille
 That na fandying myght hym fell
 And that forthoght the fend of hell

Quomodo Johannes Rex ministravit Robertum

Northirmare now wyll I flytte
 To enforme youe of a fytt
 Kyng Jolne how syr Bryane broght
 Hys celle to se he him besoght

Roberd he fand knelan prayand
 Hys orysons contynuand
 That for nay noyse that ~~thai~~ ~~comth~~ ~~maiked~~
 Nay mare he mowed than dose ane ake
 Than Bryan sayd wyth outen lytte
 Roberd my brothir rise vpe tyte
 Here standes our comly kyng w^t croune
 To visett the wyth deuocioun
 Thane Roberd rase full hastely
 And spak to Bryan besily
 And sayd wyth outen tarynge
 Kenne me Bryan to my kynge
 Sir Bryan sayd to hym by signe
 This ys Kyng John maste condigne
 Than Robertt toke ane ere of corne
 And sayd standand the kyng byforne

De spica grani

Yff thou be kyng sir kan thou oght
 Off corn maike slyke ane ere of nocht
 Than thai sayd to that suffraynge
 This man ys nocht haille of brayne
 By this ensample that we see
 He schewes hym selfe a fole to be

Sir he sayd so motte I the
 This man ys mare wyse thane we
 For he serues both day and houre
 Na suffrayne botte hys sauoure
 In whame ytt ys all wysdom and wytte
 This man full wysely folowes ytt
 Than sayd the kyng semly in saylle
 Vnto this man spirituaylle
 Aske me Robertt what thou wyll
 And godely sall I grauntte thare tyll
 Tha[n] sayd Robertt to the kyng
 I haue nay nede of erthly thyng
 Enoghe I haue syr graunte mercy
 Then wentt the kyng to hys company

Quomodo Yvo objurgavit Robertum

When the kyng was wentt to hym come Yvo
 And sayd Robertt thoue wyll nott thryue
 Off the kyng why wald thou crasse na gode
 Ne aske nay almes or he yode
 To thi poralles in this place
 Robertd sayd in gode ys grace
 That godely gyffes vs kow and corne
 Yha qd Yve bott nocht by the horne

Fole gay furth pursue thi frende

Robertd sayd yha and furth gan weynd

Quomodo Rex dedat terram, &c.

And to the kyng began to say

Certes syr I forgat to pray

For som almos flesshe of fysshe

The kyng answerd and sayd I wysse

I gyff and grauntt est and west

Als mekyll land in my forest¹

Als thou may tyll the wyth a ploghe

Syr sayd Robertd that ys enoghe

Me to manteyn and my men

Agayn sayntt Robertt rayked hym then

Sirres forsoth my hertt in sonder

Me thynke bath wepes and wirkes for wondir

That he that was sway waike a thyng

Durst spek sway saffly wyth hys kyng

¹ Gent says: "The Monarch was so charmed with his conversation, that, commiserating his poverty, he granted him 40 acres of waste ground, (with the appurtenances of another place) near adjoining to what he had before, and which was as much as he could now conveniently till with one plough, or team."

Tyrauntes trembled that did hym teyne
 Slyke selcouth was bath schewed and sayne
 Bestes and birdes vnto hym bowed
 Fends hym fledde that come in clowde
 Durste nayne hym dere he was so digne
 God for hym schewed full many signe
 Than Robertt tilled and mayd hym toge
 Aboutte housebandry of hys ploghe

*Quomodo rector de Knaresburgo decimas
 exigebat*

Off Knaresburghe Kyrke the parsone than
 Rodely vnto Roberd ranne
 Hys teynde to craue of corne and hay
 Bott defyed hym wyth nay
 The parsone sayd thou sall ytt gyffe
 Wyll thoue nyll thoue and I lyffe
 And I my happe haue and my hele
 The lawe sall ytt discusse and dele
 Robertt sayd sothly thou raues
 That vntrewly teyndes craues
 To pore men that appropird ys
 Neu[er] zytt yt newed to now a cresse

My teyndes thou cranes vncomandly
 I graunte the crysts cursynge for thi
 The parsons tonge that toyled this saynt
 And displesed hym wyth hys playnt
 Was wyth vengiaunce and wyth wreke
 Spoyled that he myght neu[er] speke
 Ne had nay space bott att hys laste
 In payne and pouertt hethen he paste
 Thus he that couetts thyng vnlele
 When he deghe hais noght to dele
 Off hys aghen wyth in hys place wane
 Yll gyttten gode men says ytt sall begane

Quomodo habuit spiritum propheciæ

Zitt of a meruayle list me mele
 That I trowe be trewe and lele
 Off Roberd that was resonable
 And to pore men profytable
 How Bryan by the Kyngs commaundment
 Into this North that tym was sentt
 Bott on nay wyse wald he weynd
 Bott by saynt Robertt hys faythfull freynd
 Full ryally to hym he rayd
 And kneland on hys kne he sayd

I beseke the for me pray
 And blysse me of I weynd a way
 Roberd badde sir Bryane stand
 And blythely blyssed hym wth hys hand
 Spekan to hym in prophecy
 Weynd thoue worschipfully
 Gouverne thou sall well thi degre
 In joy and in prosperite
 Bott agayn comes thou nay mare
 Cryst he kepe the nowe fray care
 Thiz wordes when Bryan vnderstod
 A way he wentt wyth drery mod
 And to Northe cuntrye he rayd
 And thair he dyed als Robertt sayd
 Hys saule passed vnto paradyse
 For in this world Bryan was wyse
 Here may ze se bath yonge and alde
 A prophett that he may be called

Quomodo prophetavit de Fontinensibus

Bott zytt forthermare I fynd
 That ys noght gode to hald be hynd
 Eftsones how he prophetised
 These wordes to wrytt I am avised

Befor Robertt that ryghtwyse was
 Outt off this wreched dayle suld passe
 When I am sweltt he sayd to some
 Monkes of Fountaunce samen sall come
 My body for to bere a way
 Beried to be in thare Abbay
 Ytt ys my wyll w^t myght and mayn
 Stalworthly that ze stand a gayn
 I wyll be doluen whar so I deghe
 Beried my body thare sall ytt be
 Wyth outen end here wyll I rest
 Here my wounyng chese I fyrste
 Here wyll I leyud here wyll I ly
 In this place perpetuely
 Roberd keped a ryght wyse reule
 All tym that he couth crepe or croule
 In cage in crenes or in caue
 Sway sadde he was hys saule to saue
 Fray sted to sted he stepped and stode
 Thar nay myscheffe merred hys mode
 Comforth ne care baile ne blisse
 Myght noght chaunge hys chere a rysshe
 Durese dishese dere ne dred
 Well ne wurschipe als I red
 Myght stire hym halffe a stryde
 All bytternes he couth a byde

For thi our lord to lerred and lewed
 Many ferly for hym schewed
 Hys godnes bath bath to gloryfy
 And vther men to edyfy
 And als to men hys mekyll myght
 Forto mestre day and nyght
 Myracles sway many wyth outen maike
 Our Sauour schewed has for hys saike
 Bath efter ded and in hys lyffe
 The halff that I kane noght discryffe
 Thus in romaunce haue I herd
 That Roberd rouled hys lyffe in werlde
 To hym be louynge lastand ay
 That hym gaffe power for to pray
 And forto saue oure saules syne
 In blysse bringand fra bitter pyne
 Than Roberd aye that ryghtwys wasse
 Persayued that hym bode hethen passe
 By dede that nouthur duke ne kynge
 Ne suffrayn sparys he nay thinge
 Sinfull ne saint ryche ne pore
 May sayff ne maike nane sound ne sore

himself of his own self to be

but of the house of sorrow

Quomodo oravit lapidem suum ante mortem

Hydw Hydw

He sett hym sadly for to say

Psalmes and ympnes and for to pray

To gode and to hys moder dere

And to all hys sayntts sere

And to hys aungels and all

Doune to come began to call

Att hys weydeynge hym to wyshe

And to bryng hys saule to blesse

Than in seknes sadde and sare

He fell that he myght moue nay mare

Bott cryed on gode contynuely

Lord on me thoue have mercy

When Yve sawe Robertt drew to dede

Full wille he wex than off hys rede

Hydw Hydw

Hydw Hydw

De Yvonis doloribus et gemitu

He syghed he sobbed and gaffe hym yll

Bott ay badde Robertt Yue be styll

In hertt was heuy all that herde

That Robertt weynd suld off this werlde

Kneland thei come and thann comend
 Thar saules to saue wyth outen end
 Than monkes of Fountaunce come full tye
 And wyth thamm broght an habytt whytt
 And sayd Robertt this sall the halyghe myd tye all
 Wyth the when thou gaze to the gralle
 Robertt sayd sirres when I deghe
 My aghen clethyng suffyce to me
 Bott zytt they dyd when he was ded
 Befor that myght nocht stand in sted
 That ys to say in coule hym cled
 And sway thay bare Roberte to bed
 When Robertt saw that he suld dee
 IN MANUS TUAS DOMINE
 He sayd and sweltt and gaffe hys gaste
 To the fader and the son and the halygaste
 Than aungels broght hys soull to hys
 Honored it to be als aye off hys
 Yue closed hys eghe wyth mekyll care
 All wepid for way bath lesse and mare
 A herce they sett sone apon trees
 And dyd deuoutly dirigees
 When thys was talde Fountaunce full faste
 Wyth great power thider paste

To reue thaim Robertt body blyste
 Bott Knaresburgh of tham wyste
 Off men off armies & raed route
 For to hald these monkes oute
 Wyth outen harme so hyed they hame
 Bare nane for hys body blayme
 Than caryed and com outt of the countree
 Mane and wyff of all degree
 Pore and rych all maide tham boune
 Wyth men off religyounne
 To bere hys body opon a bere
 Wyth melody that men myght here
 And beryed hym in a grayff full god
 In the chapell that was of the haly rode
 Befor the heghe awter in a tounge
 Hys myracles may nay man sounge
 In the chapell that er red full ryffe
 That Walter wrought hym in hys lyffe
 All that was seke and to hym soght
 Be that thai yode tham ayled nocht

¹ Gent states his 'funeral obsequies' to be "deservedly celebrated, on the 7th of June, in the old English Kalendar, where he is styled both Abbot of Knaresborough and Confessor." St. Robert "died about 1216." *Gough* x. iii. p. 294.

Crased and croked bath deiff and dome
 War cured that to hys tounge wald come
 The halt was heled the lame was lyght
 Blynde and bysen had thair sight
 Men of membirs that war mayned
 Was saued full sound when thai wer saynd
 Obcessed of fend he gart thaim flytte
 Wytyles and wod won in thair wytt
 Lunatykes and frenesyæ
 Thugh hys myght ware mayd full wyse
 Baran bare hir childe belyffe
 And some ware raysed fra ded to lyffe
 And to conclude thann all in fere
 All that hurtt hadde any here
 Or any seknes all ware saued
 Thayr hele be cause thai of hym craued
 Thai may be glad and blyth that has
 Slyke a patrone off thair place
 That ys off power for to pray
 For thare plyght bath nyght and day
 God for hys saike hys seruaundes saues
 Nathyng denyes hym that he craues
 All praers thus for thar place
 To god to gouern themm by grace
 And wha so greues god men ther in
 Or payres thair place thai do great syn

And er acursed by bulles sere
 That papys of Rome has graunt thaim here
 Forthi I rede thou all forbere
 Sanctuaries to do thaim dere
 Yue ledde hys lyf lang in that sted
 Aftur the tyme Roberd was ded
 In bedes praers and orisounes
 And in othir deuociounes
 Than dyed this daynty man a day
 And wentt o joye. that last sall ay
 To the whike he bryng thou all and me
 Amen—Amen—per charite

Salve sancte pater patrie lux forma virorum
 Virtutis-speculum recta via regula morum
 Carnis ab exitio duc nos ad regna polorum
 Soli deo honor et gloria

De inicio creacionis ordinis sancte trinitatis

Almyghty lord in mageste
 That was and ys and ay sall be
 Graunte me nowe and euermore
 The grace that I besoght before
 Eftyr the tyme Roberd was dede
 Yve wounde styll in thatt stede
 Apperand in perfeccioun
 To serue god in subieccioun
 The place wyth the appurtinaunce
 Tha gyffen was to hys gouernaunce
 He gaff ytt zytt all men may se
 To Couerham wyth a charter fre

H

Thair to fynd perpetuely
 Tway chanons syngand sykyrly
 And sway thay dyd zheres diuerse
 Bott clerly kanne I nocht reherce
 How ytt wentt outt off thair hand
 Bott trewly als I vndyrstand
 That ytt some tyme stode desolatte
 For dede or ellys for some debaytte
 And sway entird ay to be
 The ordir of the haly trinite
 In ane hede persons thre ar knytt
 By this ensaumpill sall thou wytt
 Playaly that possessiounes
 Off this ryall relygiounes
 Devised and deltt sall be in thre
 Tway partes to the ministre and his menzhe
 The third that rayсед ys of thar rentt
 To the haly land sall ytt be sentt
 To releue and to relese
 Crysten men that ar in distres
 Ys doune in full depe doungeouns
 Pyned in pyttes and I prisons
 Emong the Jewes and Sarazyns
 In thair fetters fas thaim byndys
 And in thair ploghes puttis thaim to draw
 And sithen thair sede settis thaim to save

The third porcion of this ordir for
 That thai send by zond the se
 Ys raunson and redempcion
 Off ylkay a crysten region
 Crysten cayteffe forto by
 Outt of prysouns thair thai ly
 Mynistre thus expounde zhe may
 That ys bott seruaund forto say
 All yff be serue zytt hys degre
 Als a place awe to be
 This worde ys wreten of our lord
 That to this curate may accorde

Non veni ministrari sed ministrare

Oure Sauour sais yff ytt be soughte
 Her[e] to be serued come I nocht
 Bott for to serue I come my self
 This same he schewed vnto twelf
 The clethinge of these men perfyte
 By this incheson ytt ys whit
 For the angels bryght that lyghted lawe
 In clething whytt as any snaw

By syde the graue of our sauious lord that heere lay
 And also by thys same coloured gowne hee had
 May men vnderstande and see the waye of his
 The clennes of mannes chastite like the whete
 The crosse that on their cletynges cleue
 The mynd of the rode that man releues
 The rede by reson of hys blode
 The blewe for the water that wyth ytt yode
 Thus I vnderstand thaim here

Tot capita tot sentencie

Ilke hede has a sentence sere
 How the order of the haly trinite
 First begane here sall ze se
 Als I haue herd I vndirtoke
 Bott I haue seyn ytt in nay boke
 Off twa heremites haue I herd
 That wyse ware when thai woned in world
 Off the haly gast thai wair in spired
 Bott anely gode nocht thai desyred
 A precieuse purpos ayther toke
 And wysely wrayt ytt in a boke
 To the pape thay putt that blyssed byll
 And he resaued ytt wyth gode wyll

When he hade thair god intent
 Wyth thar byll away he went
 Prayand God to schewe hym some
 By that byll what suld he do
 And called hys counsayll in this case
 To beseke god off hys grace
 Bott aftur what befell
 Forre thair prayers sall I tell
 The pape als he sang messe a day
 Specially for this case to pray
 Appered ane aungell bright of ble
 And kest a clothing att hys kne
 And badde hym take that clothing tyte
 Thair in to cleth hym men perfyte
 The pape doune falland wyth hys handes
 Loued our Lord that hys seruand
 Sway saues and comfortes ay
 And grauntes all thair that thair for pray
 He toke this clothinge cleyn and whyte
 And thare in cledde thair heremytes tyte
 Badde thaim in cress and multiply
 Here to lyffe a[ll] haily
 Than thair stepped ouer strene and strand
 And releued in the haly land
 Cayteffes that wer chached in care
 Pressed in prisouns naked and bare

Plonged in ploghe in cartt drawand
 Outt thei boght thann wyth besand
 Than thus began the ordre fre
 That ys off the Haly Trinite
 Detbundon this order ys to do
 On this wise thase cayteffes to
 Thaim to raunseune and to by
 Wyth the third partt off thar tresory
 Nay mair att this tym kan I say
 Bott wyth all my hertt I pray
 To god that he thaim saue and send
 To myrth that neuer mare sall have end

Explicit

A prayer

Haile cheftane cristes aghen confesseur
Als seruauunt of our saviour
Haile saintt Robert through goddes grace
Pere and patron of this place
Haile our gouernour and our gyde
Haile that vs socoured on ylk a gyde
Haile that couers our caytete
Haile that saues that serue wyll the
Haile Robert that ay ryghtwys was
Thi bred was menged ay wyth usse
Haile diamaunde that dose vs ese
Fordo and dylle all our dishese
I beseke the to begyne
And to conuerste me fray my synne
My lyppes wyth louynges be fuffylled
Thi wyll to wyrke that I se wyll
For the grace to the that graunted was
The bandes thou brest of my tryspas
And ouwtt of prison I the pray
Off synne my saulle gar wynne away

Lede me Roberd outt of luste
 For all my doynge ar bott duste
 Weile I wayll wyth owten weyn
 My synnes to schew or to be seyn
 Are sulped as sute ys in my syght
 Tharfor my lyffe may nocht be lyght
 A blyssed saint and cetizand
 In heuen that shynes als diamaund
 Dresse me fra dampnacion
 And send me saluacion
 When I am couped I pray the come
 To defend me at that dome
 That the feynd sall fourme for my foly
 That I may weynd wyth victory
 Wyth the to woune in endles blysse
 Ryght wys Roberd pray for this Amen

Explicit





